

3rd Psalm as Interpreted by a Native Indian Great Father above is a 3rd Chief. I am His, and I want not. He throws me a rope, and the name rope is love, and He me to where the grass is and the water not dangerous, and I eat and I lie down. Sometimes my heart is weak, and falls down, lifts it up again, and me into a good road. His is Wonderful.

etime, it may be very it may be longer, it may be a long time, He will draw me to a place between the ains. It is dark there, will not draw back, I afraid not, for it is there, in these mountains, that topless Chief will meet me and the hunger I have felt heart through this life satisfied. Sometimes he the love rope into a whip, twirls it before me a loom, and spreads a table before me full kinds of food. He his hands upon my head, to my mind an Army Officer is one who has consecrated himself or herself to God and the Army in order that He may use them in the winning of souls to Himself.

"Why do you think you should be one?" continues my questioner. There are many reasons, I would reply, but to me the most important one is, that I believe God has called me to such a service. True happiness lies in obedience to the will of God, and He has given me that desire to win souls for Him; to bring those who are astray nearer to Him. So, if I would be happy and conscious that I am doing God's will, I must be an Army Officer.

"How do you know that God has called you to this work? Might it not be imagination, because you have a natural sympathy with people in distress?" It was not because of a wonderful dream or some striking vision that I offered myself for this work. Something more definite than that came to me, and is with me today—a definite feeling within me that I must be used by God in His Kingdom, and because I had no peace in my soul until I made Him the offer of my life. Now I know that nothing can satisfy me in life but the work to which He has called me.

But why The Army?

"But why The Army?" My questioner certainly is persistent. Because I believe that God is in and with The Army, and I love it for that reason alone. I know that God is in other places, and with other organizations, but He has shown me that I can do more personally in The Army than elsewhere. I think our organization is perfect; I feel that our methods of reaching the crowds are the quickest; and I feel that our religion is a practical one, and that is what is most needed to day. Great faith, coupled with hard work, and all have an opportunity of putting that into effect. It does not mean that one has to be especially clever—fortunately for me; a university degree is not a necessity, only a conviction that God has called. It really amounts to this—an ordinary education, a desire to work for God, the knowledge that He has called me—and there you are.

And then the people need help. I believe that if a man or a woman is not saved, he or she will go to hell. Believing this, can I stay at home and take my ease? Do you believe me? Then why, in God's name, do I sit idly by, why do you not respond to the call? In any case, may God help me to fulfil the great purpose of my life. — Emma Duxbury, Cadet.

Peace of Mind

We never get peace of mind when we give "pieces of our mind." Pieces of our mind are usually thrown off in a state of anger or excitement. At such times we say things that we are sorry for afterwards. We wish that we might recall the harsh and bitter words that were spoken. But they are gone forever. We know that they have made their impression and that a heart has been wounded. Peace of mind is the result of self-control.



AM I TO BE AN ARMY OFFICER?

"WHAT does it mean to be an Officer in The Salvation Army?" I seem to hear somebody ask. I am afraid I cannot answer that question properly, for, you see, I am not yet an Officer, but to my mind an Army Officer is one who has consecrated himself or herself to God and the Army in order that He may use them in the winning of souls to Himself.

"Why do you think you should be one?" continues my questioner. There are many reasons, I would reply, but to me the most important one is, that I believe God has called me to such a service. True happiness lies in obedience to the will of God, and He has given me that desire to win souls for Him; to bring those who are astray nearer to Him. So, if I would be happy and conscious that I am doing God's will, I must be an Army Officer.

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His Life for the Sheep

The following moving article by the late Commissioner Lawley appeared in the British "War Cry" many years ago; we have personal knowledge of at least one comrade who is to-day an Officer as a result of reading the same. We send it out again in the hope that some other young men or women may be moved to consecrate their lives to seeking those for whom Christ died.

NOT all the sheep are securely folded; not all of them are by the still waters; not all of them rest securely in the shade; not all of them follow the Shepherd or respond to His word and His will. Not always does the sun shine; not always are the nights warm and peaceful; not always does the Shepherd rest secure in the knowledge that all is well with those under His care.

The sky is black, the clouds hang low and cover the mountain tops. For hours the sun has hidden his face behind the storm, a pitiless wind howls up the ravine, snow is falling fast, deep drifts are covering everything.

Away upon the mountain pasture-land is an old man with his faithful watchdog. He has been braving the storm all day, and has spent every energy and every hour in going after his wandering flock.

The shades of night are gathering. There is no cessation in the storm. The northern winds bend the trees, the snowdrifts become deeper. The ravines and crevices and corners, where the poor affrighted sheep have found shelter, are fast filling with the drifting snow, and soon a rescue will be impossible. The day's toil has already told upon the Shepherd's strength, and he is weary and should rest. His tired feet and exhausted frame are crying out, "Go home, seek some rest, have some sleep; you have already done as much, if not more, than can be expected of an old man like you. Go home."

But selfish voices have no claim on him. He arouses himself, his shepherd soul triumphs.

I AM GOING OUT AGAIN

Brave old man! Look! Yonder he is. He has just counted the sheep, and to his dismay he finds a number missing. For a moment he returns to his shepherd's hut. The winds howl on every side, and the terrible storm rages with increased fury. He lights his lantern, and prepares for a further search. Before leaving the hut he looks for a pencil, and in words worthy of being recorded in letters of gold, writes, "I am almost exhausted, but I am going out again after the sheep—William Graham."

The message finished, the old man faces the blizzard once more. Alas! the winds, the snow, the cold, the storm, and the darkness are too much for him. His strength fails, his lantern dies out, the old shepherd sinks in the snow.

Those in the mountain huts hear by, await the old man's return, but they watch in vain. A party is formed; they find him in the snow, with his faithful dog beside him. Did I say they found

the shepherd? That is a mistake—they found his crook and his lantern. The shepherd was gone, his spirit had fled. Does not this story remind you of another Shepherd of the sheep, and of another storm? Even as I write, my mind is full of that Shepherd, the sheep, and the storm.

Cannot you see Him as He leaves the shelter of the fold where those in safety lay secure from the rising storm, all unconscious of the lowering darkness. Away, away He goes—by this road and that path and that winding way; over the hillside, along by the perilous steep. Darker and darker gets the night; fiercer and fiercer the storm; the rain is coming down in gusts. Where, oh, where is that one that is lost?

WHEN LIFE IS WORTH WHILE

"Until he out now far out of shelter, and the wild gale is blasting all before it. No shelter, nothing but storm and tempest. But, hark, what is that? 'Tis a faint, so faint cry. Nothing more than a whimpers. And then, stooping on the whistling depths, he leans, and leans—until He finds it.

And where He trod, will you not tread? Has the storm no call for you? Has the darkness no hidden horror which you shall turn to Heaven's own light? Are there none outside, calling, calling, calling—

You have read of the faithful old shepherd who, forgetful of himself, went out into the darkness and climbed the cold, bleak mountain in search of his flock. You have read of the Good Shepherd who left the ninety-nine and scoured earth and Hell for the one that had gone astray. Now, let me ask you, What are you doing? What is it that fills your heart? The moments are flying; the hours are passing; the weeks are going; the months are dying; the years will soon have fled. What, Oh, what are you doing?

The sheep still wander, the lambs are still tracked by cruel wolves. Hundreds of thousands—mothers, fathers, boys, and girls—are the prey of the Tempter, and, unless you help them, are doomed by sin. The Good Shepherd is forming another search party, and He asks for volunteers who, with lantern and staff, will follow Him. Will you make one? If you will, "Give to Jesus glory!" And by and by, when the storm is passed and the clouds are lifted, you will be able to say before an assembled world, "Rejoice with Me, I have found My sheep which was lost."

Candidates are being enlisted to day. Mind you send in your name!

"The Call of the Lost Ones"

And where He trod, will you not tread? Has the storm no call for you? Has the darkness no hidden horror which you shall turn to Heaven's own light? Are there none outside, calling, calling, calling—

WHY I WANT TO BE A SALVATION ARMY OFFICER

I AM in training for Officership to-day because I believe it to be the will of God concerning me. I have a burning desire to be a soul-winner, and I am sure that The Army is the best field of opportunity for one with such a desire; a field of possibilities not to be equalled elsewhere.

It was in October, 1926, during the Vancouver Congress Gatherings, conducted by Commissioner Mapp, that this passion was first planted within me that I might be of greater service to God and humanity.

During the Holiness Meeting in the Pantages Theatre I went forward to the Altar for the Blessing of Sanctification. I rose from my knees to be a better soldier and a better bandsman.

The following Monday night, on my way home from the special Meeting, in spite of my shyness and my determined desire to serve God wholly, there was something within me which made me shrink from this further consecration.

MY UTTER INABILITY

What disturbed me, was not the fact of becoming an Officer, but what I felt to be my utter inability for such a position; my extreme weakness and my inexperience. But so forcible was the call that when I arrived home I went to my room and prayed as I had never done before.

And it was just the same with me as it has been with hundreds of others: "When I had ceased from my struggles His peace Jesus gave unto me."

I can never describe the joy that came into my soul when I settled the question, and when I promised God, that, come what might, I would follow Him.

The next day God came to me in a remarkable way; the devil was near, but God was nearer still. Then the vision came to me in full force, and I saw the needs of the people, and flashing across my mind came the words: "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

Since that consecration and that vision I have not been without temptation to retrace my steps, and go back on my ways, but in the thought of my suffering Redeemer I have found constant and abiding strength. Whenever I have turned my thoughts to the Cross, and what it all means to me and the dying world, there has been a fresh impetus within me to do His will.

"The best thing I know

In this world below,

Is doing the Will of God."

—Arthur K. Allan—Cadet.

I MUST OFFER MYSELF

REALIZING THE RESPONSIBILITY of the love of Christ, as shown by His dying for my sins,

I AM CONVINCED that I must offer myself as a Candidate for Training for Officership in The Army.

Name.....

Address.....

Corps.....

Date.....

Fill up and send this Form to the Divisional Commander (the local Corps Officer will give you his address), or direct to Lt.-Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man.

There is no doubt that the only thing which makes life worth living is working daily for God and for others. This is not inconsistent with thoroughly enjoying all the minor joys of life—such as a good game of golf or tennis or pleasant companionship—but the only thing which gives solid satisfaction is feeling each day that something is accomplished, something done to make the world a better place. I pity the idle man far more than the overworked man. "Better wear out than rust out," as the old lady used to say, and we quite agree. It really is a variant of our Lord's saying, "He that loseth his life, shall save it."



Blind and Dumb

Salvationists do Splendid work among Afflicted People

is fortunate in having Officers to which they are appointed very noticeable in such service as our work amongst the blind and dumb or see-

ers years since work of this commenced in Sweden where

Colonel Mitchell the Territorial

is very naturally concerned

of these saint friends

especially of those whose

lives are now being

enjoyed by the loss of sight,

the Chief Secretary, in

his inspiring communication

referred to the subject.

work of the Salvation Army in

the deaf, dumb and blind

is indeed a good

and very noticeable

in our work prepare many

years of blind and dumb

and deaf and dumb folk

journeys to be present

in which they wept for

the Officers that many

had passed since they were

privileged to receive the

Word of God conveyed

in their own language.

These our Comrades had to

travel many miles away to reach

the district. This man too, was

blind and had for a long time

been someone able to give him a

hand. God had received

the Officers writes the following

message:

"The memory of our dear

friends in our friend's house will

be with all our lives. God came so

and the old man said to us

that his soul had been thristing

for this message from God.

He kept deep in his heart all the

things he had received."

He WENT TO PRISON

story related by a prison gate

in the U.S.A. tells of the son of

a merchant who became a

actor and a boxer. His choice

seems to have been his

one day he went quite wrong

and he is now

in Chilteown State

A remarkable thing about

man today is that he says he

came to prison, the reason

he got into prison through The Salva-

tion he has found Salvation.

UNFORTUNATELY our Special Correspondent at the Front has not told us anything of the happenings of the Council Saturday, at Vancouver, but we can imagine that our virile and enthusiastic comrades of the Western slopes would not be behind their Prairie colleagues in anything which might be put on for that occasion.

An ordinary Saturday night in Vancouver is not wanting in incident and colour; the bands on the streets, and the side-walks thronged with their crowds of interested—and sometimes intrigued—listeners. It is a nervous scene to only an ordinary Salvationist, let alone the young people who would be gathering from "the regions round about."

We are, however, indebted to our good friend, Lt.-Colonel Phillips, for a smart, concise, up-to-date account of the Sunday's Meetings. Such a concise account is it, that we wish we could have it circulated for the benefit of all those who have news to tell and a place wherein to tell it.

Sunday morning opened with glorious spring-like weather, such as set a tingling the blood of the assemblings waiting who were from all the Vancouver Corps, and from Nanaimo, New Westminster, and Chilliwack. It was a goodly sight to behold those four hundred young people—and for the most part in Army uniform.

A Good Start

The opening song—"Who is on the Lord's side?" struck off by Brigadier Layton, was the key-note for the day, which was further emphasized when Mrs. Colonel Coombs led us in prayer. Then Lt.-Colonel Sims, with his usual versatility welcomed everybody—himself included, and so we came to the second song and the hearty welcome which Lt.-Colonel Dickerson received. Adjutant Greenaway in a bright and breezy manner.

Central Holiness Meeting at Winnipeg

WITH no disrespect at all to those who have led our thoughts and devotions during previous weeks, we welcomed a change last Friday. The principal speakers for the evening were Mrs. Ensign Joyce of Novato, and Captain Arthur Smith who had lately taken charge of Winnipeg VIII Corps.

The special subject of the night was to be "Accepts of Sanctification," one of those alluring title-pieces in which our D.C. delights. For about fifteen minutes Mrs. Joyce dealt out to us some straight truths on the "Internal Aspects" of the Holy Life, and then later on for a similar period Captain Smith spoke definitely on some "External Aspects." We do not think there were many in the splendid audience who went away uncertain as to God's will for them.

We regret to say that Brigadier C. Allen is temporarily on the sick-list. On Monday last he had a nasty fall at the corner of Portage and Main, and damaged his ribs. He is bearing up with his usual good spirits.

Ensign and Mrs. Edie have suffered bereavement in the sudden passing of the Ensign's sister.

The Ensign's friends will know that Mrs. Warring was zealous in good works at her little home town of Haiku, Alta. We sympathize with the Ensign, and all those who are afflicted by this event.

An interesting event is scheduled for April 12th at New Westminster, nothing less than the wedding of our good comrades Ensigns Dorin and Chalk; our best wishes for that date and ever after.

Another set of interesting appointments in the Gazette this week: my word, we do keep on the move. May the blessing of God attend our comrades in their new spheres.

Next week is our Easter Number Week, consequently we shall not be open for the ordinary Corps reports, but send

his strength at a great rate, and asks the Scribe to use the "Cry" to thank all his comrades for their prayerful remembrances during his recent trying sickness. (We are quite willing.—Ed.)

We were cheered too with the various talks of the evening—our Treasurer, Adjutant Acton, the Bandmas-

The Young People of Vancouver Hear The Call

Colonel Miller conducts Y.P. Councils—Eighteen offer for Officership; 29 others surrender to the claims of God

ner, introduced the different units of the Delegations, which ceremony was brightened by some hearty singing, including an original Chilliwack chorus.

Heartily acclaimed

The Chief Secretary was heartily acclaimed when he rose to speak, and the clear lucid manner in which he dealt with his subject was a treat for all, and gave us a hint of the rich fare for the Day.

The greater part of the afternoon session was given to topical papers, which were of a very diversified character, but reflected the greatest credit on those who prepared and delivered them. Among those who held us in this way were Y.P. Sgt.-Major Brown of Grandview and Adjutant Greenaway.

For the Night Session we had a full house, and this in spite of the fact that

Corps-Cadet Hazel Milley, of Vancouver I, spoke on "Why I am a Corps Cadet", and Adjutant Greenaway gave us some good hints on "Scouts and Guards."

Major Oake, who was a very welcome guest, gave us a Bible reading, the theme of which was "Thankfulness"; it was both timely and instructive. We might also say that Mrs. Ensign Rea's Bible reading in the Morning Session was very thought provoking, and was listened to with close attention.

Eighteen offerings

Eighteen young lives made the great offering before we closed down this session, it was a thrilling few moments even for us old-timers!

For the Night Session we had a full

house, and this in spite of the fact that

strict attention had been given to the

close attention.

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Winnipeg, March 23rd



Winnipeg, March 23rd

The Chief Secretary is busy filling in the days at Vancouver in Special Meetings and important business; our special reporter has a fine week-end at Vancouver, and with our next ordinary issue we hope to say something about the Councils at Victoria—booked for next Sunday.

We are exceedingly sorry to hear of the great loss which Mrs. Brigadier Merritt has sustained in the sudden death of her brother—Mr. Andrews, of London, Ont., who met his death under tragic circumstances on Saturday last. Mrs. Merritt's many comrades and friends will pray for her in this sore trial.

We regret to say that Brigadier C. Allen is temporarily on the sick-list. On Monday last he had a nasty fall at the corner of Portage and Main, and damaged his ribs. He is bearing up with his usual good spirits.

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The Ensign's friends will know that Mrs. Warring was zealous in good works at her little home town of Haiku, Alta. We sympathize with the Ensign, and all those who are afflicted by this event.

Staff-Captain Harry Dray has earned his discharge from Hospital, and Ensign Harrington continues working up for his Nil desperandum.

We are a great Army family—our sympathies are with Captain Crogan, of Winnipeg Grace Hospital, who has been called home to Victoria owing to the illness and death of her father—our sainted comrade, Envoy Crogan. We pray for her and her dear ones.

Staff-Captain J. Merritt has moved all his bags and baggage to Calgary for a few weeks, in connection with the special campaign now being staged in that gallant city. In the meantime Mrs. Merritt keeps the home fires burning at Edmonton.

"To what do you attribute your remarkable age and wonderful health?" asked a summer visitor of an aged farmer.

"Well," answered he, "I reckon I got a pretty good start on most folks by being born before germs was discovered, an' so I have had less to worry about!"

Most of the things folks worry about have no existence—except in their own imagination.

— * * * —

his strength at a great rate, and asks the Scribe to use the "Cry" to thank all his comrades for their prayerful remembrances during his recent trying sickness. (We are quite willing.—Ed.)

We were cheered too with the various talks of the evening—our Treasurer, Adjutant Acton, the Bandmas-

ter, and Band Secretary—and not the least by the snappy remarks of our weekend special—Brigadier B. Taylor. And now we start out on our 43rd year of music and victory.—J.R.W.

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Mr. Dickerson had the platform for a few moments, and took for his special talk "Others"; we followed his remarks with great benefit to our souls, and feel sure that those who bear in mind his suggestive outline will be helped themselves, and so will others.

The Chief Secretary's final disquisition on his Day's topic found its climax in a wonderful word picture of the tragic scenes of Calvary; he was mightily sustained through these periods, and brought us to a keen sense of the importance of the last hour of this wonderful day. The twenty-nine who responded to the call were an evidence of the working of the Holy Spirit amongst us.

For the great Salvation Rally on the Monday night the Citadel was crowded; all the City Corps were represented, and some of our out-of-town visitors were still with us.

We were more than sorry not to have the pleasure of the company of Colonel Miller, but when we say that Lt.-Colonel Sims did duty in his place, one may be sure that we had a good and happy time. The genial T.Y.P.S. was not slow to say—what he has apparently been saying all across the prairies—that the 1928 Councils surpass all previous years. (There were they good indeed.—Ed.)

A Word of Appreciation

Words of thanks on these occasions are never out of place, indeed, rarely, if ever, necessities them. So we gladly say that no small part of the success of this event is to be attributed to the hard-working efforts of the Divisional Staff; we were glad also to have the company of our excellent friends and comrades Lt.-Colonel Goodwin, Major Jaynes, Staff-Captain Bourne, and oh, ever so many other dear ones.—Lt.-Col. Phillips.

Thrills at the Training Garrison

NOT for a very long time have we so thoroughly enjoyed a Programme Meeting, as we did that at the Garrison on Tuesday last. It was indeed a season of gracious and spiritual thrills.

Out of so much that was more than enjoyable—and in saying that we include every item—it is absolutely impossible to select more than two or three of the "thrills" for special mention. We limit ourselves accordingly.

Thrill No. 1 came when the Cadets were singing "The Wonderful Fountain"; the actual moments were when the quintette sang, so that the very gladness of it shone upon their faces.

"For His grace and power are such, None can never ask too much."

Thrill No. 2 was during Ensign Peterson's splendid rendering of "Souls to Sell"; that spoke to us in every line, and our programme sheet is annotated—"Love is above all".

Thrill No. 3 was when Brigadier Carter was reading that magnificent Scripture love-song—"God so loved the world that He gave His only Son". An old-time song, that, and oft-told—but ever blessedly new.

Mr. Hope Ross was a real Army Chairman and higher praise than that we cannot render, for are we not all heart and soul Army, especially at the Garrison? But, once more, everything was good—including the glass of water which one of the programmeists so deservedly received.

Palissy the Huguenot, was in prison for his religion. Louis the King of France said, "I'm sorry, you are here, but I cannot help you." Palissy drew himself up and said: "I'd rather be a prisoner in a cell than sit upon the throne of France, and say, 'I can't'."

officials of his Company (C.N.R.) consequent of the successful exhibition of his invention he has just completed. The contrivance in question will enable First-aid workers to lift with comfort and ease injured folks from any height or depth in order to place them on the ambulance stretcher. It is probable that Bandsman's McIntosh's invention may soon be brought into use all over the C. N. System.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters
London, England
Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
All Editorial Correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel J. J. Jor.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry including the Special Easter and Christmas Numbers will be sent to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address: The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.
Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Fife's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

General Order

SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN, 1928

The annual week of Self-Denial will be observed in Canada West Territory from May 5 to 11. After March 24 no demonstration of a financial character (except on behalf of the Self-Denial Fund) may take place in any Corps until the Campaign is closed, without the consent of Territorial Headquarters.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing that this General Order is observed.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENTS

Assistant Eva Cunningham, from Grace Hospital, Edmonton, to Grace Hospital, Winnipeg; Captain Margaret Christie, from the Children's Home, Brandon, to the Industrial Home, Kildonan; Lieutenant Ernest Wright, from Red Deer to Macleod; Lieutenant Clifford Fowler from Macleod to Red Deer.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner

In the Grip of Jesus

A WOMAN that the religious people of that day had passed by as quite impossible—possessed by seven devils, as they said, an utter incarnation of evil, concerning whom the least religious gathered their skirts about him and passed on, afraid to be contaminated by her nearness; pretty once, but tarnished now, a degraded thing, a despised thing, belonging only to the dark underworld of life—is gripped by Jesus. He holds her soul a willing captive, and never lets her go. No teacher in the world has ever called a woman like Mary Magdalene except Jesus, but He called her and she came.

Here, on the other hand, is Nicodemus, wealthy, respectable, a trained Pharisee, a man of great weight in the counsels of the godly, he too is gripped by Jesus, speaks to Him with utmost reverence, knows that Thou art a teacher sent from God. Here is a Roman officer, a centurion, a man in authority who has servants under him to carry out his orders, and he professes his message to Jesus with the words, "Sir, I am unworthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; just say the word and my servant will be healed."

Here is Matthew, the publican. Probably he had a queer past; a Jew had sunk pretty low if he couldn't make a living except by buying a job from Rome and then making it up, and more, by extorting money from his own countrymen. Rightly or wrongly, one's mental picture of Matthew is of a crusty old money-grabber, rather cynical, covering his inward contempt for himself by an assumed contempt for the world and everyone in it. Will he leave his money-bags and step out into a life of adventure and daring? Jesus said unto him, "Follow Me," and he arose and followed Him. The grip of Jesus on the soul of man!

Even at the last a thief on the cross next His own, a felon of the worst kind, salutes Jesus as a King, "Remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And the best of all this is—that what was once true of Jesus can be true again. My friend, will you not let Him grip you?

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from last week)



Received by Japan's Crown

Prince—Gracious
Interview—From Palace
to Workhouse—The same
Saviour

Monday, October 18th, 1926.—Tokio. Reflections on the night on yesterday (Sunday) cheering. God was honored.

At 8.40, with Cunningham and Bernard, to Akasaka Palace—very beautiful and richly-appointed affair, white and blue marble predominating in the building. A palatial place, but Eastern in its general effect, with many Western comforts and fittings. The gardens exquisite—rising sides of a small valley with running water in the lower distance. Came to see the Crown Prince, who is Acting-Emperor during the Emperor's illness.

Had a little talk with the Secretary; and then a member of the House of Peers, who was for some time the Japanese Ambassador in London and whom I met there, came to call us. I went into the Reception Room alone.

His Imperial Highness shook hands warmly. Spoke at once of my visit and of our interview in London. (Then Bernard came in and was presented; and later Cunningham also.) The Prince referred to his brother's call at International Headquarters and his satisfaction with what he saw of Army work in London. A fine old Admiral translated, and I think did well. Altogether a gracious and I hope useful interview.

I asked permission to inquire after the Crown Princess, and this evidently pleased the Prince. His Imperial Highness is fair-looking and delicate, but with a pleasant voice and expression. He was nervous. I felt, as I have often felt in interviews with prominent people, that he was near to us, and that a sense of common humanity overcame for the moment the stiffness of an official occasion.

From this interview, in surroundings of luxury and splendour, direct to a great Workhouse; 2,200 inmates, chiefly old people. A sad sight, and yet comforting to think of those poor creatures being thus cared for.

Spoke to a couple of hundred of them gathered together, and then had some private words with Viscount Shibusawa, Baron of the Institution, about his own soul. He thanked me with evident feel-

ing. Said that ten or eleven years ago he had carefully considered whether he should become a Christian, and decided to hold on to his own faith—but he prayed daily to God and sought His will. All very simple, and I am sure, sincere. He seemed deeply moved at my interest in him. At parting, he promised that he would pray for me, and I that I would pray for him, and we prayed together.

Hotel again about 12 o'clock, passing through miles of Eastern streets really packed with traffic—people, oxen, hand-carts, and goods making an amazing scene of life and energy.

London mail and cables. Gave some thought to my Officers Meetings. Broadcast to a young People's Demonstration.

Later in the day, the Minister of the Imperial Household sent a letter to the Imperial Household, enclosing my three special messages enclosing you three thousand from his Imperial Majesty for the work of The Salvation Army.

I understand that gifts of this kind are always made in the name of the Imperial Household. Yamamuro says that the fact that this gift is direct from the Emperor and Empress is very significant, and indeed is unique. I placed it to the Hospital Fund.

We have a splendid press today, literally pages of report and descriptive—much of it very religious.

At 7 o'clock, Soldiers and ex-Soldiers. About a thousand present, three-fourths men. A fine sight. God helped me to talk straight truth, and again we had a wonderful Penitent-Form. The Officers worked well—indeed, *delightfully*! Here, seven thousand miles from London, the same spirit, the same zeal, the same Saviour!

Sad tonight about coal dispute in the Old Country. Bad for us! *Bad for the men!*

Thursday, 21st.—Tokio. First thing this morning to world business and London mail. Cables. Several interviews: Mrs. (Brigadier) Pugmire; Mrs. (Brigadier) Sashida, who speaks very beautifully of God's dealings with her following her husband's death in the earthquake; Mrs. Yamamuro, who pleased

me; and Major Annie Smyth, whose special work is to get money for our operations. The last named comes from New Zealand, where I met her last.

Saturday, 23rd.—I have much on hand. To work by 8.30. At 9.30, conference with Cunningham, Yamamuro, Bernard, and Dr. Asayama, our new lawyer on Religions Bill. Not altogether satisfactory, but the Doctor thinks he can obtain assurances from the Government in the House which will go for the present mischief. *I am not sure!*

At 1 o'clock by rail to Sendai. A dreadful carriage—whores and more wheels! Did very little *on route*. During the afternoon spoke to groups at five stations. I suppose east, each effort adds to the general total of strain. The people most worn, and in three of these instances the Mayor and other officials came to greet us. *All very wonderful!* Arrived Sendai about 7 p.m. His Excellency Mr. Matsui Uyeda, Governor of the Miyagi Prefecture, and the Mayor's representative. This Worship is ill to receive me. Walked through a lane of lights, and amid great shoutings and songs to a platform specially erected for the occasion. About six thousand people in all—a Helsinki Reception on a smaller scale. The enthusiasm very marked. I spoke from the friendship of God. *How these crowds listen!*

To a Japanese hotel, very comfortable. The people extremely warm. The enthusiasm manifest tonight really phenomenal, a symptom of full regeneration in which The Army is held. These people are thought of by a great many of us who live in Europe as heathen. Well, they are not heathen; but even if they were, would be still more remarkable that they should feel towards us as they do evidently do.

Monday, 25th.—Yesterday, at Sendai. Three Meetings. Soldiers in the morning, a large proportion of whom under thirty years of age. Women present, about one-third of total. Without exception, all converts to Jesus Christ from anti-Christian religions. There was a delightful spirit.

Afternoon, some thirty leading men including the Governor, University heads, city authorities, and representatives of some of the Missions, received me. Then to a Japanese Theatre, seating eighteen hundred people—but without seats as we understand them. Fully two thousand present, and many left outside. A useful time; everyone free, although one or two missionaries did not seem very happy. The newspaper interviewed me immediately afterwards—very like pressmen elsewhere! But they are more disposed to take what I say about religion.

Another crowd at night. Bernard and Evan Smith spoke well; the wife of a Divisional Officer gave a few words of testimony, and I followed. We had a hundred penitents, three-fifths of them men. Some really broken hearts. Eddie says that normally the Japanese have little or no deep sense of sin, but when conviction does come, it often utterly sweeps them away. Certainly I saw yesterday, and also at Tokio, many evidences of great distress amounting to agony in a few instances.

(To be continued)

Important Announcements

Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp

WINNIPEG CITADEL Saturday, March 31, 8 p.m.
(International Musical Festival)

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich

GARRISON AUDITORIUM Sun., Apr. 1, 10.15, 2.15 & 6.15
(Young People's Council Sessions)

WINNIPEG CITADEL Monday, April 2, 8 p.m.
(Scout and Guard Demonstration)

ZION CHURCH Good Friday, April 6, 11, 3, & 7.30
("Echoes from Calvary")

SAINT JAMES Easter Sunday, April 8
(Corps' 16th Anniversary Celebrations)

Also with Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp as above

March 31, 1928

MRS. COMMR. RICH FULFILS INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS

FOLLOWING on the triumphant incidents in Calgary in connection with the Young People's Councils, Mrs. Rich fulfilled a set of interesting local engagements thus filling up the days between the earlier week-end and the Sunday (March 18th) which she and the Commissioner spent with the comrades of the Citadel Corps.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Rich addressed a happy crowd of our sister friends, with a small sprinkling of juveniles in the Citadel; Adjutant C. Knott also was present. We gather that a very happy and profitable time was spent.

On the Wednesday evening the soldiers and friends at Calgary II were the favored ones. Captain Tobin and Lt. Donelly had made energetic announcements which resulted in a full hall. The testimonies of week-end blessings were many and glad, and all seemed to make a good meeting. One seeker came forward, Nine splendid young people were enrolled as Junior Soldiers.

Thursday evening was spent at Calgary III, to the great delight of Captain Watt and Lt. Lapp. Here again was a full hall, sharp-shooting of testimonies and two seers.

We feel confident that these wayside gatherings will be appreciated by our gallant and faithful comrades, as we also the words of Scripture comfort which were read and spoken by Mrs. Rich at the funeral of dear Mother Shaw, a fine old warrior of the Citadel Corps, who laid to rest on the Friday afternoon.



L. COMMISSIONER MAXWELL has completed a fine series of Corps and Council Camps in the Maritime Provinces. The Eastern "War Cry" gives a stacy account of the Meetings held at St. John and other points in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Latest news is to the effect that the tour resulted in 97 seers, and 12 new candidates for Officership.

On a recent Sunday morning The Army Citadel at Halifax II was completely destroyed by fire, but fortunately the Corps Officer was able to secure another hall for the day's Meetings. Already a scheme is on foot to remedy this loss.

Ensign and Mrs. F. Bowers, last stationed at London, II are now on their way to England, having volunteered for special work in the Gold Coast Colony, West Africa.

At Porth, Ont., the Home League procedures were gloriously interrupted by the entry of a man, who had driven over twenty miles into town, in order that he might be shown the way of Salvation. Right willingly did the Leaguers get to work.

Three great Good Friday events are announced for the Toronto Corps—the Annual Rally and Parade to the Massey Hall in the morning, and Devotional and Swearing in Meetings in the Hygeia Hall at night.

A Saint in Sickness

Colonel John Roberts who, while he is still very ill, has rallied from the extremely precarious state of health which was his short time ago, has been greatly blessed. God while lying in his sick-chamber, commenting recently upon a letter received from a friend, he said: "No one can imagine how the Lord is meeting me in my need. I keep my eyes closed most of the time so as to hear His voice and speak to Him. He is talking to me all the time. I have never enjoyed myself as my life like I have done since I have been in this room."

We seldom meet with joy and delight by appointment, but unexpectedly they smile on us their sudden welcome round some odd corner of life.

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The audience which gathered for the Holiness Meeting in the morning was splendidly numerically, and eagerly anticipatory in spirit. The Commission's timely reminder of the everlasting, ever-renewing blessings of God came with invigorating force, as did his injunction to keep clear of obstruction the connection between the platform and the congregation—the Bush and the Seeker. There were a number of comrades who yielded themselves to the influences of the Spirit, and came forward.

Commissioned Y.P. Locals
The Commissioner greatly cheered the comrades of the Young People's Corps by his attendance on Sunday afternoon; he managed to squeeze in a Commissioning of Y.P. Locals; a Charge to those comrades; and a visit to the over-flowing Primary Companies, before going upstairs to the Main Hall, where he was just in time, so he tells us, to listen to a splendid rendering of "The Soul's Awakening" by the Band.

He concluded his afternoon duties by giving a stirring address to the large congregation who had waited for him, but who had filled in their hour of waiting very happily and profitably in listening to the fine programme put on by the Band.

We feel confident that these wayside gatherings will be appreciated by our gallant and faithful comrades, as were also the words of Scripture comfort which were read and spoken by Mrs. Rich at the funeral of dear Mother Shaw, a fine old warrior of the Citadel Corps, who had laid to rest on the Friday afternoon.

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(To be continued)

Field Secretary at St. James

The interest of Brigadier Taylor, the Secretary, in the young people was manifested on Sunday afternoon last when he visited the St. James Corps for the purpose of conducting the enrolment of a splendid group of thirty-two Junior members, most of whom were the outcome of the recent Young People's Crusade. The Brigadier was introduced by Mr. Ede, the Corps Officer, and given a warm welcome by the young people with which the enrolment, a simple but ceremony, took place. Each Soldier was presented with a Card and given a personal word of advice by the Brigadier, following which he congratulated Y.P.S.M. Harris on the excellent condition of the Junior corps.

The night Salvation Meeting in dedicated to God, the infant of Bro. and Sister Payne. The Army's latest selections, "Mother's Sons," with soul-moving feet, and Capt. Putt gave the address. A helping hand of the Meeting was the number of testimonies given by Comrades new.

A Saint in Sickness

Colonel John Roberts who, while he is still very ill, has rallied from the extremely precarious state of health which was his a short time ago, has been greatly blessed of God while lying in his sick-chamber. Commenting recently upon a letter received from a friend, he said: "No one can imagine how the Lord is meeting my every need. I keep my eyes closed most of the time so as to hear His voice and speak to Him. He is talking to me all the time. I have never enjoyed myself as my life like I have done since I have been in this room."

We seldom meet with joy and delight by appointment, but unexpectedly they smile on us their sudden welcome round some odd corner of life.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rich

Unexpected but Enjoyable Sunday at Calgary

THE Commissioner's Sunday with the Soldiers and Friends of Calgary Citadel was not intended to be a follow-up of the victorious day which Mrs. Rich had spent with the Young People a week before; rather, we imagine, it was in the nature of a benedictory start-off to the Campaign now proceeding in the City. In any case, although arranged at short notice, it was a real Day of Salvation.

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An unexpected day, but a day of rich comradeship and blessing, to say nothing of Salvation impetus.

The crowd for the Night Meeting was so large that the ordinary seating accommodation was not nearly sufficient, and chairs and seats from all other departments had to be requisitioned. Staff-Captain Merton's Lieutenant was splendid in this gathering, as in the other events of the day, and led up well to the Commissioner's own share in the battle for souls. Adjutant and Mrs. Junker were also keen in their co-operating efforts.

Several Decisions

The crowded Citadel certainly drew upon the Commissioner's fighting qualities, and gave him an opportunity for using those Salvation tactics in which he is such an adept, and which he uses so well to the Glory of God, and the salvation of the sinner. Our correspondent is not exact in the number who were at the Mercy-Seat, but we hear that eight or more decided to follow the Commissioner's advice and the leading of the Holy Spirit.

A hearty and full day was completed by our Leader meeting the Corps Officers of the City, and securing from them their hearty co-operation in the special campaign to which we alluded earlier.

Mrs. Rich was with the Commissioner in all these engagements, happily ready for any service, whether praying, speaking or singing. Her afternoon was spent with the Home comrades at Grace Hospital, where a number of the young lives there under our care decided to go a step further and put themselves into the care of the loving Heavenly Father.

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WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER
W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, GENERAL
CHAS. T. RICH, LT.-COMMISSIONER
TERRITORIAL COMMANDER



TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
"SALVATION"
TELEPHONE 67 256
317-19 CARLTON STREET
WINNIPEG, MAN.

FROM THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE
TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

March 22nd, 1928

My Dear Comrade:

WANTED—YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

This is an appeal to the young men and women of Canada West, whether in The Army or otherwise—to all who have heard the Call of God. I make no pretence about it; I put forth my appeal boldly—as boldly as it is possible for me to do. And it that you should heed that Call.

There is a Divine Hand which is unrolling the curtain from before the world's miseries—its sins and sorrows; before you is depicted the terrible havoc which sin is making.

There is a Divine Voice which is repeating loudly the cry of anguish arising from those scenes of havoc and wrong-doing; it is the same Voice which repeats His former cry: "The harvest is great—the laborers are few."

There is a Path stretching out before you; a road which leads down to those same fields and wastes of sin: it is not an easy way—it is a blood-stained road; but it calls you; it says, "This is the way."

All this is nothing new to you. You have seen it—you have heard it—for months and years. You have shrunk from the response which you know you should make. Will you not now yield? Shall it be any longer said of you that you "dwell at ease in Zion?"

In the Name of the Lord who has saved and forgiven you; in the Name of Him Who will fit you for His service; in the Name of Him Who died for the lost; aye, in the very name of the dying themselves, I call you—God calls you. Is it nothing at all to you?

Yours affectionately,

Chas. T. Rich

Lt.-Commissioner.

Our Leader's Busy Days at the Coast

The Commissioner has just returned from a rush visit to Vancouver, where he has been enabled to transact some business of importance, not without future help and blessing for our Institutions in that city—particularly Grace Hospital.

His engagements included a meeting with the Medical Staff of the Hospital—a splendidly representative body of men who are devoting themselves wholeheartedly to the work of the Hospital. The Fathers of the City Council also granted the Commissioner an interview, which is likely to be fraught with good cheer for the work now proceeding so finely at the same Institution.

Both Lt.-Colonel Payne and Major Jaynes were with the Territorial Commander in these engagements, and are exceedingly hopeful about the work accomplished by these interviews.

Vancouver Annual Band Re-Union

The Commissioner Presides

THE Annual Band and Songster Supper and Re-Union, which was held on the 15th inst., was rendered all the more delightful because of the unexpected presence with us of Commissioner Rich, who has been in the City on some special business. Brigadier Layman right willingly withdrew from the presidency of the gathering as soon as he knew the Territorial Commander could come along.

Following a splendid repast, provided by the Sisters of the Corps, a thoroughly enjoyable programme, arranged by Bandmaster Mills and the Band Locals, was "put on." Naturally our Chairman contributed to the addresses of the evening, and put us all in a good humour.

Colonel Miller and Major Oake from Winnipeg were welcome guests, as were also Bandmaster Atkinson, of Seattle, Bandmaster S. Collier, of Mt. Pleasant, and Bandmaster Hornbuckle and Band Secretary Sibley of Victoria. We were very pleased to have with us Lt.-Colonel Payne and to hear the words of thanks and commendation. Other veterans added to our sense of "Get-together-ness."

Out of so much that was good in the programme it is difficult to select any particular item, suffice it to say that everybody contributed to our pleasure; not the least, being our good friend Mr. W. Miller, whose very instructive discourse on "Social Evolution" was greatly enjoyed.

We wish we had room for a fuller account of the evening, but there is space for us to say that we shall long remember the Commissioner's words on Ex-Bandmen, and our duty towards such. "Stand closer together," he said, "shoulder to shoulder, so that there may be fewer of these comrades around us." It was a fitting address for a comrade occasion.

—B.B.

Looking Ahead

Some very interesting events are being arranged for not distant dates, and just so that our Winnipeg readers might have them in mind. We mention them in this fashion.

Our advertisement on page 6 is a rich program in itself, and one in which young and old can find equal enjoyment. The fact that Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp are to be with us for part of that time is an added delight.

April 21 and 22 are set apart for another of our hardy annuals—the Bandmen's Councils. Saturday evening is to be spent at the Arena in another Musical Niagara and then all day Sunday at the T.G. Auditorium.

An international visitor of special note in Army musical circles, will be present—Brigadier (and Mrs.) Pennington, of North China. We hope he will have some new songs for us.

We hear that there is a good position open for a Bandman, married or single, who is a handy man and able to do minor property repairs, calking, etc. Applications should be made to Captain King, The Salvation Army, Fort William, or to the Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

Operations of
s Domore
ing
list
Strenuous Mansions,
Winnipeg.

your kind enquiries, say that there is every day in my dear husband's think that he would be able to sit on Friday evening the "Cry", but some and all day Saturday he with a sore head. Men there is anything really as I am writing these up in bed, shouting as to what I am to put in mannequin, I shall the letter when he minutes. (All right, all.)

say, Mr. Editor, that that nobody will take says in these notes; suppose. Of course, "hey all" understand by the kindest of all we are after is to and make the people the dear General Cry".

Now a wealthy citizen of the Australian Commonwealth loved to say that, when a working miner, with a wife and young family dependent upon him, he was faced with hard times. He worked his own claim, but weeks went by without finding the welcome gold. Their little stock of savings vanished, till finally they were reduced to bread and water.

God Had Never Allowed Them to Want
One memorable Saturday, before leaving for his work, he remarked to his wife that unless the washing of the week's dirt resulted favorably, there would not be even bread for the children's dinner on the following day. But the brave-hearted woman cheered him with the reminder that God had never yet allowed them to want, and that they had His promise that He never would.

Thus comforted, he started for the claim, only to discover on the cleaning up that there was not even the color of the precious metal to be seen for all his toil. The homecoming was a heavy-hearted business, and to his wife's eager inquiry his only answer was a look of dumb despair. Still her woman's faith rose in the scale of disappointment. "Let us tell God all about it," she said, and round the empty table knelt father and mother and children and poured out their trouble in prayer.

With a somewhat lighter heart the man rose to his feet. Observing that the sky was now dark and dimmed with a coming storm, he remarked that, if they could not procure food for Sunday they could and should at least have warmth, and proceeded, axe in hand, to chop some wood.

The Light in the Track

Before the bad time, however, to leave the door, the storm burst with a wild fury and the rain swept down in torrents. Then the sky suddenly cleared, and he started for the wood pile. In such a home, the track to the cupboard is usually a winding path to the man of the house. And he had been asked that day whether he expected to find anything extraordinary in that well-beaten track, he would have judged it an idle question, for what expectation could he have? Did he not know every inch of it by heart?

But, still enough, as he strode down the familiar path that Saturday afternoon, there emerged from the midst of the path at his very feet, a glittering point of light. It was but the work of the moment for him to drop his axe, bring out his knife and work around that shining speck, which grew larger as he worked, till he presently unearthed a nugget as big as his fist.

In a tumult of thankful joy he bore it to the house, laid it reverently on the table—and then and there father, mother, and children knelt again in thankful

(Continued foot of column 4)



THE DANGER OF FAMILIARITY

Will it be perfectly understood when I say that while familiarity with sacred things has, of course, untold advantages, it also has its risks? As some body has said, the peril is lest it should obscure the vision by dulling expectancy. Here is an illustration which, I think, will help to make clear my point; it is a story which the late Commissioner Howard never tired of telling.

A now wealthy citizen of the Australian Commonwealth loved to say that, when a working miner, with a wife and young family dependent upon him, he was faced with hard times. He worked his own claim, but weeks went by without finding the welcome gold. Their little stock of savings vanished, till finally they were reduced to bread and water.

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(Continued foot of column 4)

come around into the harbour—all the again—it is gone. Sad the day!

glory of a successful journey is on Say, young fellow! Do you see the their countenances.

And I sit and wait for others who will never return. They put off their sailing until "the time of the flood was over," and they discovered no new lands, found no treasures—they lie out in the wild, weary waste of waters, and we just hope that, unknown to us, they really did accomplish some.

Cannot you realise that God calls you? God really, actually calls you. He says, and the word is as truly His as any Scripture word that was ever written, "Let us then be up and

opportunity missed; the old Prophet doing."

Adventure in your Blood

Have you ever felt the tingle of adventure in your blood? Youth calling out to eternal youth. Fields of honour and renown to be possessed. Heights of glory to be taken. Have you not?

I call you to an adventure glorious beyond them all. Achievements to be made; treasures priceless to be possessed. I call you to the service of One Who stepped out on the greatest adventure that ever man or angel undertook. An adventure of storm and tempest, of arduous days and dark nights, of billows and buffettings right on to the end—right on, maybe, until you come to anchor in the harbour again. But an adventure of things possessed for the King.

I call you to a trust more honourable than any that was ever created. To the guardianship of the "dedicated things" of our most holy faith. I call you, did I say? No, no, a hundred times no—it is the King Himself who calls.

And this adventure; this trust—what is it? It is the adventure of Calvary; the trust of God—the trust of souls immortal. His treasures in the uttermost lands of the earth, as well as His precious possessions near us—by the wayside. Those "for whom Christ died."

You Young Fellows!

You young fellows! You young women! With youth and vigour and virility and intelligence and a Salvation which has been given to you by Jesus Christ. Will you not leave your safe moorings, lay aside your pleasures, your triflings—leave them all, and come out—out where the full tides flow. Out where you can let down your net, and where the "take" will be such as will give you an eternal weight of glory. Oh, come out where the winds of the opportunities of God are blowing. Will you not?

Or—will you let the Lord Jesus go on a lonely way? Will you see Him setting out to do His Father's will, and catch His last backward beseeching glance, and hear Him say, as He goes away, "And ye would not." Will you? What do you say, what will you do?

"In the glad morning of my days,

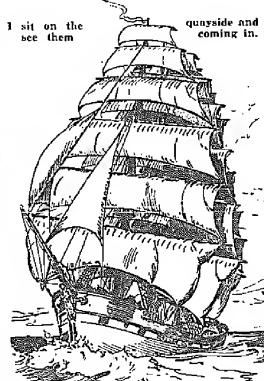
My life to give, my vows to pay,

With no reserve, and no delay,

With all my heart I come." "J."

praise to Him who had thus turned their sighing into singing, and their night into day.

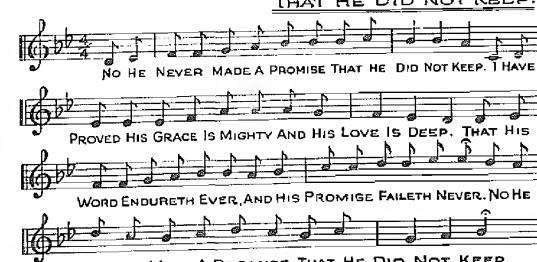
There's your lesson for you, my comrades. There are treasures for us, far beyond all telling, in the sweetly familiar ways of religion and spiritual experience, if we will but—keep on.



He NEVER MADE A PROMISE

"J"

THAT HE DID NOT KEEP.



NEVER MADE A PROMISE THAT HE DID NOT KEEP.



K.C. Occupies Chair at Lacombe

Eight Converts Enrolled as Recruits

Captain Belknap and Lieut. Anderson, recent visitors to Lacombe, Alberta, Brandon—brought us much assistance and inspiration. Mr. Edwin K. Jones, K.C., was chairman for the occasion of his thrilling lecture; this lecture will surely be a great success to an appreciative audience, his interesting and humorous address holding the congregation spellbound. The chairman and his wife, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Jones, both the district and in the parish of the Rev. Mr. Jones. Recently, amid great rejoicing and heartfelt praises, the Captain enrolled eight converts at Lacombe. This was a fitting conclusion to the previous Crusade. The work is not yet over, not a conclusion, for the Crusade still continues, and we are believing for greater victories.

The Councils at Edmonton and at Workmen's Hall in the Salvation Meeting last Sunday night, giving us a glimpse of what transpired, and passing the offering received.

A few days ago we received at the home of Capt. Major Mrs. Prizziell to bid farewell to Envoy Mrs. Grego and family. These comrades are now on their way to the Orient, where we are indeed very to lose them from the Corps. A number of older ones spoke words of appreciation, to which the Envoy and his wife replied. We pray that God will bless and direct their return to us.

He has done during their stay in Lacombe.

VEGREVILLE VICTORIES

Brigadier and Mrs. Moll. We had a good time in company with Mr. V. L. Anthon, the young people doing splendidly. We have also to report increases on every hand, and feel encouraged at the advance this branch of the work is making.

Envoy Mr. Pearson, and Lieutenant Dons also our visitors. Capt. Dan Davis, Envoy this morning. Lieut. Bowles spoke on things of supreme importance, and her words were used of God to bless our souls. In the afternoon the Envoy visited the dispensary, speaking eloquently to the Young People; her little daughter, Grace, sang sweetly. At night the Hall was filled to overflowing every available seat being occupied. A fine Salute. Morning was spent in Envoy speaking forcefully on "The Only Way." Many souls were under conviction.

DOG DERBY WEEK AT THE PAS
Captain Tucker and Lieut. Mills. We had some special Meetings on the occasion of the visit Envoy Mrs. Pearson, and Lieutenant Dons also our visitors. Capt. Dan Davis, Envoy this morning. Lieut. Bowles spoke on things of supreme importance, and her words were used of God to bless our souls. In the afternoon the Envoy visited the dispensary, speaking eloquently to the Young People; her little daughter, Grace, sang sweetly. At night the Hall was filled to overflowing every available seat being occupied. A fine Salute. Morning was spent in Envoy speaking forcefully on "The Only Way." Many souls were under conviction.

Out on this little country farm, going to occasional Meetings, making and mending for the son who was now an Officer, and laying up money for their own and The Army's future needs—this, however hard she might be working with hands and head, was the life of a woman at "ease in Zion" and God wanted of her, as Paul of the Corinthians, "not yours, but you."

CHAPTER VI

A Deception and a Call

As we said in concluding our last chapter, Susan was to come by a devious path before she finally accomplished all her Lord's purposes for her, or before she obtained that spiritual rest for which she seemed to have sought all along her earthly pilgrimage.

Just after the experiences last related, a terrible burn from an upset tea-kettle laid her on the bed again for a long six weeks, and at the end of that time mortification set in, and the doctor warned her that it was spreading so fast that she had probably only twenty-four hours to live.

That night looking into the grave which yawned for her, and in which all her usefulness to her kind must be for ever ended, she saw that her life was not what God meant it to be. There was something more to be attempted, something more to be accomplished, and she writhed in the agony of those weeks in the enforced idleness which was now so tiresome to her.

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Lord, Raise Me Up."

Susan believed that she should go to heaven as she died, but she felt that she had not yet earned any spiritual rest there, and she prayed, "Oh, Lord, I don't want to go yet, if You have any work I can do. I'd rather stop and serve You awhile yet. Heaven would be very beautiful, but I want to work for You! Raise me up!"

Robert came to her, and she said, "Lord, I believe the Lord is going to help me. I'll hold of Him with me."

They both prayed, and after she had trusted God for healing, the thought came to her, "You mustn't think the Lord will cure you of this right away. A burn just heal of itself, gradually."

"But right away I saw that wasn't faith," said Susan. "So I told Dad I should get up, and I did. And the next day I walked two miles and more to the Hall, and it was in a Canadian winter too!"

Susan was done with the quiet days in the country; she must get right in with The Army. She saw how Dad thirsted for full opportunities of soldiership. She had only to see the gleefulness with which he threw himself into the Open-Air light-

MOTHER FLORENCE

THE STORY OF A VALIANT SOUL

By the late Elizabeth Swift Brengle—brought up to date by "J."

ing, to know this. Never more would she stand in his way. The old days in Leeds had taught her this lesson.

There are some amongst us to-day who remember Dad Florence's vivid Open-air phrases. How he would "smell out the devil" as he would say, and how he would excite the street crowds almost to frenzy point. Susan saw all this, and so the farm was given up.

They moved into Toronto at once, and Susan got a situation in a corset factory, where there were three hundred women

women were listening to the same temptations which are held out to them to-day.

He had resisted this temptation, firm in the belief that God had called him into The Army, and not seeking honour from men, or any lesser work than getting converted "those common people" who always heard of Jesus gladly.

Glad he was to be with those people who were his mother's constant joy, and amongst whom she radiated such happiness, and of whom she had said when first she saw them, "These people don't have long faces."

The Same Delusive Story

But the temptation came again, another chance came, somebody else told him the same delusive story, and he went. It was the one sorrow of his dear old mother's life that he missed something from God which could only be given or received in His Own appointed way. She tried her best to show him this.

"My boy," she said, "the devil has set you on a high mountain, and is showing you the kingdoms of earth, and promising them to you. But, my son, we are poor people. All our good and all our goods, come from God. He has prospered you in The Army, and it is



to work among, between meetings, and where she could lend a hand at many things, from doing the washing of Headquarters, down to doing odd jobs at the Rescue Home, and the like.

When she applied for the place at the factory she was asked by the foreman, "Do you know what made me hire you? It was the red band on your bonnet." And by this Susan knew that her service for her Master, which she had already planned, would not be hindered.

A Missionary yet, Susan

She won many souls for God amongst the women of the factory, but although her spare time and strength were devoted to earnest work for Him, she was not yet a missionary to Canada—as she now confessed she had thought herself to be when she took the mighty adventure from Yorkshire to the shores of the Western world. Not a missionary, yet, Susan.

It was a curious thing which brought Mother Florence out of the ranks into Officership—nothing less than the defection of her son, who had for some time held his commission in The Army. Words had been impossible to describe the holy joy which his off-ership had been to his mother and father; their own life usefulness seemed to be a thing of the past, and they lived their dreams over in this boy.

But some lady had told him that he was too fine a fellow for The Salvation Army; he was meant to shine in the world; and, if he would leave, she would educate him, and fit him for a position of honour among men. Which only goes to prove that forty years ago men and

there He has called you to serve Him."

"All right, mother," he answered, "but I shall go."

Mother Florence prayed over it alone, and with his Leaders, and when it seemed no longer of any use, she said to him, "Well, my son, so sure as you leave the Field, I shall go into it."

"Never, mother!" was the startled answer.

You're too Old, You'll Die

"Yes, my son," went on she. "If you make a go in our blessed Army, your mother fills that gap."

"You're too old; you'll die," said the intending deserter.

"Then I'll die in harness," was the stout reply from the old warrior's lips, as it would be from some old hearts to-day if the chances came to them.

Talking about this episode she said in after days, "He is a good lad, but, oh, the

barrier there is between us. I tell him his works may stand, and he may even win souls, but they will go into the Kingdom of Heaven before him." We have been half tempted to pursue this part of our story, but have refrained. We wonder where young Florence may now be found.

After this it seemed to Mother Florence that as if she must do double duty—must work for her own share, and her lad's too. And so, when The Army was being terribly persecuted in Montreal, and even unfriendly secular papers were flaming out against the outrages committed upon our soldiers and officers in that city, she volunteered to go and help.

"You'll be killed," returned the Commissioner, "Then I should lay down my old life in the streets, and spare a younger one," said theundaunted Mother Florence.

Presently there was a call for volunteers for work in the Rocky Mountains, for the fighting out in the West—the land of adventure of those days. Home came Mother Florence with the news, and said to her husband, "Dad, I'm ready to go. Are you?"

The Commissioner Wants Men

"Quite," said he, "but I don't know about you. I think the Commissioner only wants men."

"Where the Lord wants men. He can send women, too," was the answer of the Salvation Amazon. But the Commissioner, wise man, declined to let her go on this hard raid also.

Then in the autumn of 1888—forty years ago, my friends or nearly so—there went a cry throughout Canada, "Twenty volunteers wanted for India." And that was a cry that stirred more than one heart, even in those days when The Army was a thing to be taken more on trust than it is today.

Only one of her children was now really dependent on her, and since he was old enough to travel, and her husband



NEXT WEEK

The Easter "War Cry" - 10c

Twenty-four Pages—six in color

A two-page spread in colors depicting "The Meeting by the Lake"—a wonderful reproduction of a famous painting.

Among the articles and stories are:

"The Power of His Resurrection" by the General.

"The Question of the Ages" by the Commissioner.

"The Three Crosses—Which" by Commissioner Oliphant.

"At the Cross Roads of Fate"—being some striking episodes in the life of Commissioner H. W. Mapp.

"Christ the Great Emancipator" by Colonel G. Miller.

"Easter in Hell" by the late Commissioner Railton.

Music, Songs, Poems, Stories and Articles in abundance.

New Pictures and Photos, Etc., Etc.

Place your order immediately—Any Army Officer will be glad to supply you.

as ready as herself for service anywhere, why should they not go?

No reason at all; and so, when "Twenty" put off their Western garb and ways, and sailed away to become Indians for Jesus' sake, Dad and Mother Florence were among them. The folds of the yellow chaddah hung about no face or form which showed such signs of age as hers, but they covered no heart beating higher with the eternal youth and life which are ours in God.

And what was to be the outcome of this adventure? I wonder what did the ex-officer son think when he saw his mother and father thus on the Altar for service. I wonder what thoughts came to the old couple as they once more gazed on the land of their birth? I wonder, too, what was in their minds—day by day—as they waited for the next step?

(To be Continued)

To live for common ends is to be common. The highest faith makes still the highest man; for we grow like the things our souls believe, and rise or sink as we aim, high or low.—



Captain Cummins.

Precious souls are dying,
Nerve me for the fight

THE
WAR CRY

Spread the glorious
news—liberty and light

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1928

No. 13

LET ME GO! I CANNOT STAY!

As we sit down to write the newspapers are full of the appalling disaster which has befallen our friends in Southern California—the terrible flood which has burst over a beautiful area, and brought death and sorrow in its train. Every day, almost, there is something of a like nature; some disaster, some sorrow, some death.

And, with joy we say it, there are manifestations of heroism when the need arises. Pride in the prompt gallantry of those who rush to the rescue tempers our grief.

But stay—there are wondrous perils in the world than those of which the newspapers speak. Men, women, and children are dying in sin. If that were news, the papers would be smothered in mourning. What will you do about it? Will you feel kindly towards them, sit at home and speak with sympathy about them; or will you be prompt and resolute in action?

The simple domestic girl who hears the Call of God and immediately drops her duster and carries her limited abilities into the scene of action, is of infinitely more use than the cultured student who sees the vision splendid in the flames of her library fire, and then goes to bed.

Does God call you to Officership? Hesitate no longer to give your answer. Many lions stand in the way; pay no heed to them, they are probably stuffed.

Could you—young man or woman—hearing the Call and still hesitating, look in upon the happy warriors in the Training Garrison to-day, your fears would be dispelled. In answering the Call of God there is great joy. Listen to their own words:

"I was ploughing a lonely furrow across the prairie when God called me. I said, 'At Thy service, Lord,' and on my knees out there, beside the horses, I gave myself for action in the service of God."

"I was selling 'War Crys' from door to door, and I stayed to say a word of comfort, and as I said it, the Call came to me."

"I was down and out, and friendless, when I met The Army; they gave me work; they put my feet on the right way, and I said 'Lord, help me to do this for others!'"

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend and, as far as possible, assist in any difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 10-17 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry on envelope."

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1837—Stanley Bone, 53 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, grey eyes, yellow complexion. Thought to have taken up farm work in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Relative in England enquiring.

1842—Bernt Kristi-



Jan. 1, 1882, tall, Stanley Bone, blind. Last heard from in 1913 at Brunswick Hotel, Montreal, Que. The blind and forest work. Brother wishes to get in touch.

1824—Thomas Menday, believed to be in Canada. 46 years ago was a British soldier in India. Brother in England enquiring.

1885—Archie Kirk Tewley, Age 40, 5 ft 7 in., dark brown hair, nose curved through accident, limp on left between Burnt River and Sprit River. Served overseas in Canadian Army. Anyone knowing his whereabouts write his brother, J. H. Tewley, Yorkton, Sask.

1908—Walter Wood, Fair hair, blue eyes, red mustache, height 6 ft. 2 in., small scar in middle of forehead. Last heard from in Winnipeg, Dec. 27th, 1904. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother, Edward very ill, and is anxious to hear from him.

1916—Hartley Groundwater, last known to be in Winnipeg in May, 1921.

Age 36, very dark complexion, height 5 ft. 7 in., very pronounced lisp in right side. It will be difficult to communicate with him. Father at Lewiston, N.B. who at present is very low. Address Haweck Groundwater, Lewisville, New Hampshire, N.H.

1920—Peter Pezz, Age 54, medium height, dark hair, brown complexion. Native of Tamworth, Warwickshire, England. Went to Canada to work on farm. Should this meet the eye brother in England enquires.

1823—Albert Shales, Age 34; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair, blue grey eyes; swarthy complexion. Native of Wolverhampton, Went to Canada from Ardchattan, Scotland, in 1913. Brother very anxious.

1895—Archie Kirk Tewley, Age 40, 5 ft. 7 in.; brown hair; nose curved through accident, lame. Took up land between Burnt River and Sprit River. Served overseas in Canadian Army. Anyone knowing his whereabouts write his brother, J. H. Tewley, Yorkton, Sask.

1932—William George Watson, Height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, builder-maker by trade. Last address, Anger, Alta., June 1927. Brother, Edward, a blind soldier. Wife and mother anxious for news. (See photo.)

1905—Emily A. Hillman, 42, height 6 ft. 1 in., native of Germany, went to New York City or Montreal, Que., Germany about 50 years ago, and with younger brother, C. Gemmrich, Germany. Last heard from 22 years ago, and William George Watson, heart of 4 years ago in British Columbia. Brother is making enquiry on behalf of mother who is greatly worried.



Canada 1916. Medium height and built. Clerk. Parents enquire.

1910—Alexander Septimus Thorn, Age 30, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Farm, Northwood, Moncton, N.B. Last heard of at Lloydsminster, Alta.

1916—Olaf Halvorsen Nordgaard, Norwegian, Age 30, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, brown eyes. Missing since 1924. Brother anxious for news.

1855—Herbert Louis Walther—Age 55, brown hair and eyes, fair or medium complexion. Miss Slave Lake, Alta. Last heard from at Great Slave Lake, Alta. Brother, John, enquires.

1901—David Miller, Irish, Age 23, height about 5 ft., brown hair and eyes; fair complexion. Brother of a year ago working in mine in Alberta. Son in Winnipeg enquires.

1786—Edward Thomas, Age 27, height 5 ft. 10 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, used to working in Hotels, now in London, England. Brother, J. H. Tewley, of Alberta. Mother longs for news.

1908—William George Watson, heart of 4 years ago in British Columbia. Brother is making enquiry on behalf of mother who is greatly worried.

1914—James G. Clark, last heard from 5 years ago in Hoinfield, Man. Age 34. Sister Fannie, Norway, Sept. 9th, 1914, height 5 ft. 5 in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, complexion. Last heard of in 1914 at Bromswick Hotel, Edmonton, Alta. Trade: railway and forest work. Brother is accounted a saint among us.

1920—William Morris, Age 29, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, complexion. Canadian soldier. Native of Manchester, England. Small scar on neck. Last address: Edmonton, Alta.

1901—Adolf Zimmer, Born Nov. 19, 1892, last heard from in Tschelon, Wollstein, Russia, 1914. Father, 30 and mother, 28, of Winnipeg, 1914.

1887—Fred Watson, 19, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 165 lbs. Fair complexion, blue eyes, dark hair. Last heard from in Great Slave Lake, Alta. Brother, John, enquires.

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